

Say you're bored, want dominating.

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Say you're bored, want dominating.

by [SlutForS8n](#)

Summary

During a game of a truth and two lies, dream reveals a secret that has George more than intrigued.

Or

Dream has a dick piercing and George wants to taste it.

**

Title is from the song A Song For A Guilty Sadist by Crywank 11/10 would recommend

Notes

Read the tags. If genital piercings make you uncomfortable or are likely to upset you, don't read it.

If any CC's say they're uncomfortable, this will be taken down, obviously, because I'm not a fucking dick.

Anyways, enjoy. It's kinda shit but whatever lmao.

No beta, we die like Wilbur blowing up l'manburg.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

"George, are we fucking 12?" Sapnap laughed, hearing Dream's light wheeze start up as he joked along over the discord call.

"Fuck you, I just thought it was something to do. You were the one complaining that you were bored," George rolled his eyes, picking at his fingers as a small blush appeared on his cheeks, hopefully too dark for the camera to pick up on.

"Two truths and a lie?" Dream smiled, "it's like being in middle school all over again."

"Well, I was thinking a truth and two lies, actually," The Brit bit back, "Drunk a truth and two lies, to be specific."

Sapnap perked up at that.

"George! I am a child!" He gasped, mock anger lacing his tone.

"Oh, fuck off, Sapnap. Acting like I don't know you have a whole bottle of fucking vodka in your desk."

"Alright, ladies. You're both pretty, no need to argue," Dream smiled, bursting out laughing as Sapnap tried to defend himself.

"Okay then, George. I'll bite. Who's going first?" Sapnap smiled as he pulled out the medium sized bottle of vodka, along with a half empty bottle of coke and a large glass.

"Is that flat coke?" The blonde asked, his nose scrunching up as Sapnap poured it into the glass along with a sizeable amount of vodka before knocking it back.

"Mind your own goddamn business."

"I'll go first if you want?" George interrupted, standing up to get a large bottle of vanilla rum from the mini fridge beside his bed. As he got back, sitting down, he saw Dream had began sipping on something in a large glass, "what you got, dream?"

"Gin and tonic," he smiled, "and yeah, you can go first."

"Gin and tonic?" Sapnap asked, a clear smile rested on his face as he tried desperately not to laugh, "God, you're like a 90 year old woman."

"Fuck you."

Eventually the game had gotten started, the three boys taking it in turns to state three things about themselves or the people around them. It was going well, despite the continuous drinking and occasionally learning a lot more about his best friends that George had any intentions of ever finding out.

"Okay, so. One: I have never made a girl cum-" Sapnap began, instantly being cut off by Dream.

"That's not true. Because everytime you do, you text us about proud of yourself you are."

"Fuck off," the Texan mumbled, a blush crawling up his neck and he crossed his arms, "Two: I've never smoked weed and three: I once fucked a guy when I was like 17 but didn't really like it."

George's eyes widened at the last sentence, "You fucked a guy in highschool?!"

"Yeah, that one has to be the true one because I know you smoke weed," dream snorted, taking another large swig from his glass.

"Yeah. It wasn't, like, bad. Just not really my thing. He was nice," the brunette smiled, looking at George and Dream's faces over the screen with a small frown, "what?"

"I don't know. It's just... you're so painfully heterosexual that I never thought you'd fucked a guy," George laughed, his eyebrows raised and his tone disbelieving.

Sapnap rolled his eyes and looked back at his screen, "isn't it your turn, George?"

"Yeah," he took a large gulp of his drink, burning the back of his throat but the creamy aftertaste quickly pushing away his discomfort, "one: I hate lasagna. Two: Doggy is my favourite position. Three: I can count up to 100 in Spanish."

"Okay, question," dream butted in, his eyebrows pulled together as he looked at George, "are you the one giving or receiving?"

George's cheeks heated up at the question. It wasn't like it was that big of a deal. Friends talked about things like that all the time. He knew almost everything that sapnap liked, although the Texan had almost no shame when it came to things like that, "receiving."

"Yeah, that one's the true one," the blonde laughed, sapnap giggling along with him.

"Always knew you were a bottom, Georgie," the Texan had smiled, a small laugh making its way past his lips as he saw George let out an angry huff, "look, I think I'm gonna go to bed. I've got online classes tomorrow and I already know this hangover is gonna fucking kill."

"Night sap," George waved, dream doing the same as the brunette left the call.

"Is it my turn?" Dream asked as he ran a hand through his hair and finished the rest of his glass.

"Yeah, If you wanna keep going," George mumbled and he pulled off his hoodie and tried to get more comfortable in his chair before grabbing his rum bottle by the neck and taking a large gulp.

Dream began chuckling as he took the cork out of his gin bottle and began drinking the gin straight, "if we're drinking all out, I'm joining in."

"We're gonna regret this, aren't we?" The brunette smiled, his eyes meeting Dream's on his monitor.

"Oh absolutely."

"Okay then," George smiled, his eyes glinting with something almost daring, "do your worst."

"My worst? If you insist, Georgie," the blonde laughed, "one: I've never been in a physical fight, two: I have a dick piercing, three: I've never kissed a girl."

George's eyes widened as he began violently giggling, "okay, I know you've kissed a girl before so the first one is true."

"Nope," dream smirked, extending the o as he watched George's eyebrows pulled together, "I got into a few fights in highschool."

"Dude, I know you've kissed a girl before, though?"

"Mmhmm."

George paused as his eyes widened. What the fuck?

"You... what?"

Dream barked out a laugh as it trailed off into a wheeze, "yes, George?"

"You got..." he trailed off his voice moving to a whisper, "you got a dick piercing?"

"Yeah. I got it when I turned 18. I thought it was cool," he smiled, looking down at his lap before his eyes flicked up to meet George's, "hurt like a bitch, though."

George let out a small laugh as his cheeks turned red, "why?"

"I'm not really sure. I once dated a guy with a tongue piercing and that felt really fucking good, so I was like 'what if I did that, but on my dick?' And it made a cool clicking sound when he sucked me off. I think it'd probably feel good," dream recalled before taking another drink from the bottle, scrunching up his nose as the taste.

"I'd bet," George muttered, looking down at his hands as he began picking at his fingers once again, "what, is it like a Prince Albert or something?"

"Is that like the only type of dick piercing you know?" Dream laughed as he rolled his eyes, his laughter only growing as George nodded, "nah, I got an ampallang piercing. Well, I guess it's technically a deep shaft piercing because it doesn't go through the head because it's just underneath, but that sounds dumb. But no, no Prince Albert for me. I couldn't cope with it going down through my dick hole. I got a nice silver barbell."

George felt his face heat up. It was wrong, he knew it was so fucking wrong, but he couldn't help but imagine what it would feel like. A thick metal piercing rubbing up against that one spot inside him that made him go fucking wild.

"Thinking about it?" Dream questioned, a smirk resting on his lips as he watched George's head jolt up to look at the screen as his face flushed pink, "wanna see?"

George's face somehow managed to get darker and his mouth dropped open, watching as dream let his arm rest on the back of his chair. he nodded.

He watched as dream shuffled, pulling his joggers down just off camera and pulled out his phone, taking a picture before george felt his own vibrate on his desk with a Snapchat notification.

He took a deep breath and pressed the snap, almost letting out a moan at the sight. It was a medium sized barbell, going horizontally through, situated just under the head. Dream was big, too. There was no doubt about that. He thought about how it would feel, the added stretch of the metal making his gut churn in a way that made his dick begin to swell.

"Holy fuck."

"Yeah?" Dream chuckled as George let his eyes fall back to the photo.

"Yeah," he breathed, gushing his hair out of his face, "can I screenshot this?"

Dream shrugged, "if you want."

The response was instantaneous, as soon as the words left his lips he got the notification signifying that he had done it. Dream looked up and George as chewing on his lips, swollen and covered in saliva.

"Do you think it's better? For whoever you're fucking, I mean," George questioned, his eyes not leaving the photo on his phone.

"Yeah, I think so. It's like, extra, you know?" Dream smiled, "never fucked anyone without a condom since I got it, though," he smiled, "I think that would probably feel better."

George felt his head fall back as he groaned.

"Dream, I'm really fucking drunk and I'm uncomfortably close to acting up," George mumbled, squirming in his chair as he rubbed his thighs together.

"Are you thinking about it, Georgie?" Dream teased, his voice gravelly as he rested his hand on his stomach, just above the waistband on his basketball shorts, "are you thinking about how it would feel to have me inside you? To feel my dick stretch you open while the barbell hits all the spots you've never been able to reach?"

George was close to crying. He could feel his throat drying up and his eyes filling with tears as he gripped the arms of his chair, a whine tearing through him, "dream, please."

"You look so pretty, all red and begging. I wanna see you cry," the blonde huffed as he dropped his head backwards and pressed the heel on his hand into the tent in his shorts.

"Dream, can I see?" George whispered as he mirrored the blonde's actions, letting out quiet whines as he pressed down, "I wanna see it."

Dream pushes his shorts down to mid-thigh and began slowly pumping his cock, watching as George's eyes widened and he pushed his hand into his pyjama trousers, wrapping around himself at the sight of dream.

"What do you think?" Dream asked, his breath hitching as he flicked the silver barbell at the end of his dick

"Fuck. Why do you live so far away?" George choked. He let out a loud moan as his hand squeezed, "I- I want it in my mouth."

Dream thought he was gonna fucking bust at that, "yeah?" George nodded, "I promise you that when you get the balls to come visit me, in gonna make sure you spend as much time on your knees as possible."

"Dream, you can't just, fuck, can't say that shit," George panted, struggling to keep his eyes from rolling back and just letting go.

"Why? Because you know it's what you want? I know how badly you want me, Georgie. Even before you found out about my little accessory, you were practically drooling over me. You just seem like the type to want their throat fucked."

Dream's hand was speeding up as George hooked his shirt between his teeth, opening his eyes so that they locked with the blonde's. He watched as the brunette's thighs began to shake, his mouth opening as the grey fabric dropped from between his teeth.

The noises George made pushed dream closer to the edge, loud whimpered and short whines, being

cut off every time he twisted his wrist, thumbing at the tip as his head dropped back.

"Dream, 'm gonna cum," George cried, letting his eyes meet dreams once again.

"Me too. Do it, baby, cum for me," he groaned, his hands speeding up even more as George's back arched away from the chair and his neck was fully exposed.

He watched as George came, his red, bitten lips dropping open and his glazed over eyes looking straight past him, letting out a sound that the blonde knew would be plaguing his dreams for months.

It's was too much for dream. The sight mixed with the sound pushed him over the edge, letting go as he sank down in his chair.

They sat for a few moments in silence, trying to catch their breath.

"Can I take a picture? Like, screenshot you, right now?" Dream asked gently, his breath heaving as he looked at the other for approval, "you just look really fucking hot."

"Yeah," the Brit smiled, waiting till he knew that dream had done it before reaching into his desk and pulling out a pack of wipes.

"Damn, in your desk, George? Shame on you!" The blonde teased, watching George roll his eyes and smile softly.

"Dream you have a minifridge full of alcohol under yours. Leave me alone."

Dream hummed softly before grabbing a tissue and cleaning himself off too with a content smile.

"Did you mean it?" George asked once they were fully dressed and clean, "about wanting me to come over?"

Dream smiled, watching the shorter boy As he ran his hand through the hair that was sticking to his forehead, still trying to catch his breath, "about keeping you on your knees? Or wanting to see you?"

"Shut up. Obviously wanting to see me," George rolled his eyes, a large smile on his face, "I just want to see you."

"Okay? Then book a flight?"

George stopped, "what? You're serious? You didn't even check to see if you're busy."

"I play minecraft for a living. I don't exactly have much going on, if I'm being honest."

The brunette laughed, "okay. So I can come see you?"

"As soon as possible."

"Okay. Can we talk about this tomorrow? Because I'm sobering up and I think I've still got cum brain because I feel all floaty?" George smiled, rubbing a hands across his face and he yawned.

"Yeah, of course. Drink some water and go to sleep," the blonde laughed as he put the cork back in his gin bottle and put it back under his desk, "goodnight, I love you."

And with that, the call was ended. George sat back in his chair with wide eyes and his mouth

hanging open.

Dream has a dick piercing.

What the fuck?

Hopeless, You're Told

Chapter Summary

Dream and George meet up and George gets absolutely RAILED. That's literally it Imaooo.

Chapter Notes

To all the people that commented saying that they now hc dream with a dick piercing, thank you and as you should. Welcome to the dark side. It's great over here

It's low-key angst at first but trust me, after that, just straight up porn. Thank me later.

George hadn't stopped thinking about it.

Scratch that, George hadn't wanted to stop thinking about it.

They had booked the flight for a month's time and the brunette had been painfully antsy since.

"Hey, are you okay bro?" Sapnap murmured, his attention half on George and half on the game of bedwars he was undeniably going to lose, "we haven't spoken like this for a while, just the two of us I mean, and you're really quiet."

George hummed quietly, waiting for the other boy to die in game before whispering "I need to tell you something."

Sapnap went quiet, his attention clearly having moved from the game to the other boy, "you can tell me anything, dude. I can't promise to be helpful, but I'll try."

George let out a small chuckle at the words. Trust Sapnap to know exactly what to say to calm his nerves.

"Can you promise me something first?"

"Anything."

"Don't tell dream."

George held his breath as he heard the other's keyboard keys stop clicking, listening impatiently for the texan's answer.

"I promise," The sigh of relief that the Brit let out didn't go unnoticed by Sapnap, who's eyebrows pulled together as he scratched at the back of his neck, "is it really that bad?"

"I don't know. I think that's the problem," George paused. He was gonna tell him. George was gonna tell sapnap and that meant there was no turning back from that point, "me and dream... we

did a thing."

"What kind of thing?" Sapnap asked quietly, knowing that attempting to pry the information from the other boy would do absolutely no good. George would simply shut off and not talk. He needed to tread lightly and make sure George was comfortable, "if you don't mind telling me."

George inhaled shakily, tears welling in his eyes. He felt almost a sick sense of irony at the action. Crying over dream was becoming a regular thing now, he guessed. Although the reasons for the tears were drastically different.

"Like... a sex thing?"

"Oh."

The smaller boy wanted to laugh, "yeah, oh."

"Can you turn on your camera for me, George?" Sapnap asked, turning on his own as he muttered the request.

George did as he was asked and as soon as he did, sapnap's face softened, "oh George."

"Oof," he laughed as he ran a hand through his hair and wiped his nose into the sleeve of his hoodie.

"Was his dick really that small?" Sapnap asked as he put on a fake sad tone.

George felt a laugh rip from his throat at that, the giggles only increasing as he tried to get them to stop, hearing the Texan laugh along with him, "how do you do that?"

"What?"

"Always manage to make me feel better?" George smiled as the giggles began to cease, sniffing softly as he caught his breath.

"It's a gift," sapnap glowered, watching George let out a sarcastic huff before the younger boy continued, "so why are you crying? Do you... regret it? Or is he being a dick about it?"

"No, I don't regret it and he's being as nice as ever. I just... I think he just wants that. The whole sex thing."

"And you don't..." sapnap finished, watching George nod softly as the tears appeared again and he could feel the burning behind his eyes as he tried to hold them back.

"I want something real. Something more."

Sapnap nodded. It was difficult. He knew what George wanted and he knew what George thought dream wanted.

"Do you know for definite that dream only wants sex?"

George shook his head, "not for definite. But he didn't tell me otherwise."

George was actually crying now. He was crying in front of sapnap for the first time in two years and it was over a fucking boy.

"Did you tell him otherwise?" The younger questioned, a knowing look on his face as he watched

George's cheeks heat up.

"No."

"Fucking idiot," sapnap laughed as he watched George wipe his face with the sleeve of his hoodie again, "stop crying over white men and come play bedwars with me."

"Sapnap, you are a white man."

"It's a blessing and a curse," he sighed sadly before the distinct noise of his keyboard started up and George joined him.

They were around fifty seconds into their first game before George realised something.

"Sapnap?"

"Hmm?" The younger hummed out, clearly focussing on the game as he attempted to listen to George at the same time.

"Did you know that dream has a dick piercing?"

Silence.

George waited with a large smile on his face as he listened.

"He fucking WHAT?"

**

Sapnap was right. He needed to tell dream. He was leaving for the flight tomorrow and George needed to know what he felt so as he took a deep breath, he clicked call.

It rang once.

Twice.

Three times.

And then he heard the blonde pick up.

"Hey there, Georgie."

He instantly let out the breath he was holding. It was okay. This was dream. Dream wouldn't make fun of him or bully him. It would be fine.

"Hi dream," his voice was soft in a way that he hoped dream wouldn't notice.

"Are you okay?"

But, of course, he did notice. He noticed everything, especially when it came to George.

"No. Can we talk."

Dream's breath hitched and George winced. He really hoped this went well, because if it didn't he'd have to go cry to sapnap again, and he really didn't think he could hope with losing more dignity.

"Yeah. Is this about... the thing that happened?"

"Yeah."

"Okay."

It went silent

"What do you want?"

It was a simple question. Short and precise. George didn't half-arse things and dream knew it, but the bluntness still took him off guard.

"With you?"

"Mhmm."

Dream went quiet again as he thought. What did he want? He wanted the sex, obviously, but he also wanted domesticity. He wanted cuddles and waking up with George wrapped around him.

"I want more."

George though he was gonna cry. The pure relief of hearing those words made his shoulders drop and his jaw unclench.

"Oh my god, thank Fuck," George laughed softly, his hand resting over his eyes as he smiled, "I am so glad you said that."

"Oh yeah? Why's that?" Dream teased, a smile resting on his face as he lead back in bed, one hand resting on his stomach as the other was positioned behind his head.

"Because I really didn't want to have to go and cry to sapnap again. I couldn't lose anymore dignity," George replied, leaning back in his desk chair as he let his eyes fall shut.

"You cried to sapnap? Over me?"

"Unfortunately so," The older boy cringed, his nose scrunching up as dream laughed.

"Crying over a white boy, George? God, have some self respect."

"You two are way too similar. I hate it."

Dream laughed softly before the phone call drifted into comfortable silence. The brunette felt himself melting. Dream wanted more. Dream wanted him for more than just sex.

George stood up quietly, making his way over to his bed before sliding underneath the covers. Buying a duvet double the size of his bed was by far the best decision he's ever made. He pondered it for a second before deciding to switch to FaceTime, waiting for dream to answer as he pulled the duvet up to his face.

He watched as Dream's face filled the screen, a red tint instantly coating his cheeks at the way dream was lead. Shirtless with one hand behind his head.

"You look awfully pretty," the younger boy smiled softly, letting his eyes drink in every feature on George's flushed face.

"I'm not pretty, fuck off," George bit back, rolling his eyes as he shoved his face into the pillow under his head, listening to dreams soft laughter.

"Yeah you are," the blonde teased, "y' know, sapnap hit the nail on the head when he said you had dick sucking lips."

George's eyes widened as his head snapped back to look at dream on his phone screen.

"He said what?"

Dream burst out laughing as George sat with his eyes zeroed in on the blonde, "did he actually say that?"

"He did. It was a joke, but he wasn't wrong."

George felt his face heat up as he continued looking at the blonde, "yeah?"

"Fuck yeah. They're so pretty. Bet they'd look even better bitten red and covered in spit with my dick all the way down your throat," dream purred, listening as George's breath hitched and he let out a strangled noise, "damn, getting all worked up just over my voice? Can't wait to see what you get like on my cock."

George could feel himself getting worked up and it was far too late for him to get like this, especially considering how early he needed to get up, "dream, my flight is at 8 am tomorrow, and that is far too early for me to be having phone sex with you."

"Oh, but Georgie," dream groaned in a teasing tone, "don't you wanna hear about all the incredible things I can do to you? The way that i can press the metal of my barbell directly into that one spot inside you that'll make you scream by name and cum so hard you fucking pass out"

"Dream, we can get each other off over the phone right now, or I can wake up in time for my flight tomorrow and let you rail me until my legs don't work and I'm full of your cum," George stated matter-of-factly as he smugly watched Dream's eyes drift off and begin chewing on his bottom lip, "what ya thinking about, baby?"

"Thinking about filling you up. Thinking about what you'd look like so full of me that your stomach bulges and your legs shake for hours."

Fucking hell.

George was going to die.

"Dream, I need to sleep," he whined, watching dream chuckle and roll his eyes through the screen, "It's 2am and I need to leave at 6:30 to get to the airport."

"Fine," dream sighed, watching as George snuggled down into his duvet.

George smiled, "thank you."

"I'll just get myself off while thinking about how good you'll feel around me while I spit in your mouth and fill you with my cum," was the last thing The brunette heard before the call was abruptly ended.

George slammed his phone down onto his pillow before his head followed, letting out a frustrated groan before dropping to his side and letting sleep take over.

He was violently awoken by the sound of the blaring alarm tone directly next to his ear, the memories of the night before suddenly hitting him all at once, remembering that it had ended with

him frustrated and his phone led next to his ear.

6am.

Who's idea was it to normalise 6am as being a decent time to wake up.

But as George pulled himself from the bed, he couldn't help but let a small smile fall on his face.

He was going to see dream.

See him, hug him, fuck him.

It didn't matter which. Only that he could.

As he pulled his bag out of his door and pushed it into the awaiting taxi, George was texting dream.

Dream:

Only, what, 10 hours?

:George

Yeah, the plane journey is only like 9 hours.

Dream:

Will I get kisses °3

:George

You act like you're so fucking cool and yet here you are, begging for kisses.

Dream:

George, I am so fucking cool, but sometimes even the coolest of guys needs kisses from really hot boys.

George laughed a little at that.

:George

Hot, you say?

Dream:

Oh yeah. Dick sucking lips, remember?

:George

Fuck off.

Dream:

Oooh, and a dirty mouth to go with them.

:George

If you make me horny in a taxi on the way to the airport my 'dick sucking lips' are gonna be of no use to you, piss baby.

Dream:

Sorry pretty boy. I'll be waiting.

George huffed as he let himself relax into the seat, looking out the window as the streetlights shone softly in the darkness of early morning.

He let himself flow through the crowd, the drag of sleep deprivation pulling him through the motions until he was on the plane, plugging in his headphones as he nodded off to sleep.

He was awoken as he was gently tapped on the shoulder by a stewardess, the polite smile and mutter of "please fasten your seatbelt, we'll be landing shortly," instantly bringing back his nerves.

He was seeing dream.

The plane landed with little to no interference and he rushed off and through to collect his bags, immediately messaging Dream.

:George

I'm here. Baggage claim.

Dream: oh yeah?

:George

Come get me, blondie.

He waited, looking around in front of him with his backpack in one hand and his large, black suitcase in the other, until he felt hands slip around his waist as the other let out a whisper of "hey there, pretty boy."

George spun around so fast that he almost tripped over his own bag.

"Oh my fucking god. You're like, real."

Dream laughed as he felt George's arms tighten around his waist.

"I am indeed. Oh so very real."

The kiss that Dream placed on the top of his head made George so much more emotional, paired with the fact that George could feel the blonde's light snuffles and the tight arms around him making the brunette almost start full on sobbing.

George pulled back slowly and looked up at Dream, "why are you crying?"

Dream let out a wet laugh, "I don't... it's just that you're here. You're actually here. I can actually look at you and hold you and..."

He trailed off softly and George's eyes grew curious.

"And what?"

Dream placed a finger under his chin and tilted his head up, connecting their lips softly as George let out a huff of air.

"Was that okay?" Dream asked as he pulled back, watching as George kept his eyes closed for a few seconds longer before blinking them open.

"So beyond okay."

Dream dragged George by his hand from the middle of airport all the way to his car, opening the door for him because 'I'm a gentleman, George. It's what we do.'

"Are you ready for the famous driving you've heard all about?"

"No. Am I gonna die?"

"Probably not," dream smiled, watching George clip on his seatbelt after pulling on his own before shifting the car into drive and speeding out of the airport car park.

By the time they pulled up to Dream's house, George was ready to never get in a car again.

"I thought I was gonna die."

"No you weren't."

"You kept swerving between lanes! I thought we were gonna crash!" George gasped as he got out, watching dream move to collect his luggage.

"I'll get it out of the boot, don't worry," George smiled, watching as Dream's eyebrows pulled together.

"Out of the what?"

"The... the boot? Like, of the car?"

Dream's eyes suddenly widened with realisation.

"You mean the trunk?"

"We literally invented the language. Shut up, it's a fucking boot."

He pulled the stuff from Dream's hands and dragged them to the door, rolling his eyes as dream cackled behind him before moving to unlock the door.

It was nice. Not too big but definitely bigger than his shitty London apartment. Two bedrooms, maybe three, with an large living room and an open plan kitchen diner.

"Welcome to my humble abode. Sapnap won't be home for a couple of hours. Some bullshit meeting. My mum drove him. He said he was sorry. Now, I thought I'd give you the option to take one of the spare rooms," George was right, three bedrooms, "or you can share with me."

"I'm sharing with you."

Dream's smile widened, "I thought so, but I thought you'd appreciate the offer."

"It was thoughtful, but I'd rather share with you. Plus, I don't think I'll have it in me to walk all the way to the spare room after you're done with me," George eyed dream up and down as he spoke, his voice laced with something almost daring, "that is... if you live up to your promises."

Dream growled softly as he moved closer to the older boy, large hands resting on the smaller boy's hips, "Only 12pm and you're already thinking about me splitting you open on my cock, huh?"

George's breath hitched, "haven't stopped thinking about it. Especially after all that teasing you did last night."

Dream dropped his head down to rest on George, breathing in deeply before placing light kisses on the juncture between his shoulder and neck.

George was trying.

He was trying so hard to be quiet, but the hot stirring in his stomach only grew as one of Dream's hands dropped down from his hip to rest on his ass.

"Is this okay?" He breathed, his cheek pressed against the side of George's head, the brunette almost flat out moaning when he felt the warm breath against his ear.

"So fucking okay. I have literally been thinking about this for a month straight."

The chuckle that escaped dream had George's dick swelling up an incomprehensible amount, the feeling of being confined in his boxers and grey sweats becoming almost too much.

"Dream, please."

The boy in question hummed quietly, letting his hands roam freely as he pulled back lightly. He let his hands slide up under George's plain black T-shirt and trace the small dents between his ribs.

"You're so small, George. Fit so nicely in my hands," he whispered, punctuating his sentence with a firm thigh being pushed between the brunette's legs as he backed him slowly up against the wall next to his door.

"Yeah? What was it you said about dick sucking lips?" George moaned softly as he ground down against the leg situated directly against his cock, the teasing smirk never leaving his face, "wanna test your theory?"

Dream almost growled as he removed his thigh and let George drop to his knees.

"You sure you're okay with this?" The nervous tone almost make George smile. It was nice to know that dream actually have a shit.

"Dream, if I don't get to see and taste your dick piercing in the next five minutes I am going to fucking cry."

The laugh that dream barked out would have been awkward with anyone else, given the situation, but with George it felt... good. Comfortable, almost.

"Okay, baby," dream placed both hands on George's head, watching the Brit begin tugging on the strings holding up his joggers before tugging them down.

The sight of dream, so incredibly hard, in just his boxers made George's mouth water.

He would see the indent of the piercing, too.

And fucking hell, if that didn't make his cock twitch, nothing would.

The medium sized metal balls pushing against the navy blue fabric of Dream's boxers was a sight to behold, not to mention the seven (maybe eight, George wasn't entirely sure) inches he was hiding in there. He began placing soft kisses along the length through his boxers, feeling the blonde's grip in his hair tighten.

He mouthed his way up to the head slowly before he heard dream speak.

"George, please."

Now he was in control and, holy fuck, it was amazing.

"Begging for me, dream? God, you're so needy."

Immediately he felt the hand in his hair tighten.

"I'm needy? Okay Georgie," dream rolled his eyes, yanking George's head back to look at him properly, "I guess if I'm that needy you wouldn't mind if I didn't fuck you, hmm? You wouldn't mind if I just left you here, hard and on your knees?"

George felt the tears welling up as he shook his head violently.

"Look at those pretty tears. Well, if you're making a mess of yourself, it's only fair if I join in, huh?"

And before George could say anything, he felt a thumb pressing against his lips, indicating that he should open his mouth and stick out his tongue. He complied, immediately feeling Dream spit on him.

Dream spat on him... spat in his mouth.

And it made him so fucking desperate.

He swallowed and let out a broken sob.

"Dream, please."

"Look who's begging now, slut."

His pulled his boxers down to mid thigh and George's mind went blank.

Yeah, he was bigger than seven inches.

Dream pumped his cock slowly as he searches George's face for any sign that he wanted to stop and, sensing his nervousness, George opened his mouth again, his tongue following.

The blonde immediately tapped the head against the brit's pink tongue.

"So pretty. Wanna fuck your throat."

And George had never felt so needed. dream was everywhere and it was making his chest bubble with something he couldn't explain

His eyes glazed over as he let out a short whine paired with a small nod.

The tear tracks on George's cheeks made something hot pool in Dream's stomach, decidedly pushing into the warmth that was George's mouth with a shallow thrust.

The feeling of the barbell against his tongue was... different. Not how he'd expected it to feel but definitely not unpleasant.

It was slightly cooler than Dream's dick but was quickly warming up it the tight heat of George's mouth.

He groaned quietly around the length and dream began thrusting faster, locking eyes with the smaller boy as he felt the metal hit the back of his throat.

"Wanna get fucked, baby?" Dream questioned breathily, "want me to split you open?"

George let out a noise of affirmation before dream was pulling him off and up to full height, the

brunette feeling wobbly on his feet.

"Bed, counter or couch?"

George almost fucking came at just the idea.

Dream fucking him over the kitchen counter with the possibility that sapnap could walk in at any moment and see George getting absolutely fucking destroyed made him so incredibly weak. The mental image of the bruises on his hips that would be left from where they'd slam against the marble and the uncomfortable feeling of his chest heaving against the flat surface was something that only appeared in his darkest fantasies.

Until now.

"Counter. Please, fuck me."

"Go lean over it. No pants or boxers, arms above your head and face forward. I'm getting lube," dream demanded, the tone of voice making George visibly shiver. It was dominant and practically music to the older boy's ears.

He did as he was asked.

As he pressed his chest against the white marble countertop, he scrunched up his nose, the coldness of the smooth surface pulling goosebumps up to his skin.

He couldn't see dream when he arrived, but the soft pattering of footsteps arriving behind him, paired with the warm hand on the bottom of his back told him enough.

"You still okay with this," dream murmured quietly, softly stroking the skin under his fingers with a soft tone as George turned his head awkwardly to meet his eyes, "don't wanna push you."

George scoffed playfully, "you couldn't push me if you wanted too. I'd tell you if I wanted to stop," the look of worry on Dream's face didn't subside and George stood up properly to press a kiss to Dream's lips. It was softer than the one before. Much like the one at the airport, it was soft and slow, but this time it was almost more. Like a confession... a secret, "I trust you. I give you my full permission. I want you."

With those words wit was almost like a switch flipped in Dream's head. He immediately spun George back around before threading his hand in the dark hair and roughly pushing him face down into the counter before he removed his hands entirely, drawing a whine from George.

"Shut up. I'm getting you a pillow for your hips."

"I don't want one."

"George, I am not spending the rest of your trip in hospital paying like four billion quid for healthcare because I shattered your hipbones by railing you in the kitchen," dream bit back and he threw the couch cushion at him, "put it under you or I'm not fucking you."

George grumbled something mildly irritated as dream just smiled at him.

He got comfortable and all of a sudden there was a cold, lubed up finger pressing at his entrance.

"Ready?"

"So fucking ready."

He pushed in his index finger, waiting patiently for George's nod to indicate he could start moving. Once he got it his movements immediately sped up, adding a second finger after a few minutes.

He was searching for George spot, curling his fingers before he pressed down on something that made the shorter boy's toes curl and let out a strangled breath.

"Holy fuck. Yeah, right there."

Pressing in a third finger, dream continued to hit that George's prostate, the idea of making George feel good quickly overwhelming him.

"Dream, fuck, I want it so bad. I'm ready. Please."

And who was dream to argue with that?

The broken edge to his voice paired with the tears in his eyes really gave him no other option but to comply.

"Condom?" Dream questioned softly. They had talked about it once, just once, but it was enough to have dream thinking about it nonstop.

George shook his head.

"I'm clean. I get checked every four or so months. You?"

"Yeah. I'm good," Dream breathed, quickly lubing up his dick as he pressed the blunt head against George's hole, "ready to feel how good my piercing is?"

"Never been more ready."

And with that, dream started pushing.

It was slow at first but, holy fuck, George almost came in seconds as the metal balls at the end of each side of the barbell for caught on his rim. His eyes rolled back and he roughly bit his lip as he tried so hard to keep his hands above him on the countertop.

The tears were back and George was honestly doing better than he thought he would but dream just kept going deeper and deeper.

"Oh my fucking god, how big are you," George managed to get out between cut off whimpers and heavy breaths.

"Enough to make you scream."

And with that, he let loose.

He moved his hand from the comforting spot on the bottom of his back, one holding him down between his shoulder blades and the other holding onto his hip so he could thrust harder.

The loud noises tore from George's throat like nothing Dream had ever heard. They were a mix of high pitched whimpers and all out screams, the occasional "harder" or "faster" thrown in, too.

It only took about twenty minutes for dream to get bored of the position and essentially flip George all by himself, leaving him with his back pressed against the counter and his legs around the younger boy's waist.

George was a mess.

His eyes rolled back as his head fell sideways, tears falling from his eyes and his jaw dropped.

Dream was so deep and the piercing made everything so much better. It was like it was pushing against all the spots he needed to be pushed and stretching him perfectly, and when it hit his prostate he was gone.

His back arched and a loud gurgle of something that sounded vaguely like "there, again, fuck," fell from his lips and dream didn't stop, aiming for that spot every time he thrust in.

And all of a sudden, dream was grabbing at one of George's wrists and pulling it downwards. Thinking he was going to be allowed to touch himself, he immediately jumped at the chance but it was quickly pulled away and placed gently on the bottom of his stomach.

"Can you feel that," dream moaned, pressing his larger hand over the back of George's, "can you feel me?"

And yeah, George could.

He felt the skin bulge under his fingers at every thrust that dream made, quickly rising as he pushed in and falling back to normal as he pulled back out.

It was too much.

"Dream, fuck, dream, cumming-"

"Just hang on, baby," dream grunted, speeding up as he teetered on the edge, "nearly there."

George was so close. He needed to make the blonde let go, so as he grabbed onto the last ounce of clear consciousness he had left and reached reached for Dream's wrist, pulling his fingers into his mouth and looking into his eyes.

"Inside?" Dream asked, his eyes rolling back and his voice gravelly.

George nodded quickly, his jaw going slack as two of Dream's saliva coated fingers fell onto his chest. His back arched roughly as he felt Dream's piercing drag against his prostate for the last time as he let go, spilling over his stomach with a broken moan.

Just the sight alone was enough to make dream cum, his hips stuttering and his head falling forward as he pressed kisses to George's neck, getting go inside the smaller boy.

He pulled out slowly and watched as George closed his legs with a light hum.

Dream ran a hand through George's hair softly and connected their lips, closing his eyes and let their lips move together as he whispered sweet nothings to the brunette, the both of them still lead against the kitchen counter.

Dream's head snapped to the side as George bolted upright, wincing at the sudden pain.

"You two are so fucking lucky I told your mom I'd walk home," sapnap laughed as he shook his head and began walking up the stairs, "clean the fucking counter. We eat breakfast there."

The two older boys locked eyes and suddenly burst into fits of giggles, George resting his head against Dream's collarbone and let out a heavy breath as their laughter ceased.

"So..." the blonde placed his finger under George's chin, tilting his head up until their eyes locked, "how did I measure up?"

"Honestly?" He closed his eyes, "you've ruined me for anyone else."

Dream chuckled.

"Good... mine," dream pressed a kiss to the top of George's head, "You wanna go shower?"

"Please"

Chapter Summary

Sapnap had two options

One, he told them. He told them the truth and they either accepted it and railed the shit out of him or they felt really fucking weird about it and tried to ignore it. Or, two, he didn't tell them. He just said he had been feeling kinda sick recently and that was all. They would leave it at that and Dream's mom would probably hightail it over to make him some soup or some shit.

OR

Sapnap can't stop thinking about dream and George... naked... underneath him.

Chapter Notes

AS ALWAYS, PROMPTS TO MY BEAUTIFUL AND AMAZING BETA READER, BLACKBERRY. Their ao3 is [here](#) And their tiktok is [@dnf_fics](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap was fucking doomed.

Of course he was.

He was doomed from the very beginning.

How was he supposed to live with the knowledge of what Dream and George looked like in a post-orgasmic haze and not absolutely fucking *die* ?

Pair that with the knowledge of Dream's dick piercing and it was enough to make the younger boy's stomach curl.

Sapnap *lived* with Dream and George was still staying with them. How the fuck was he supposed to not drop to his knees around the pair?

"Sap? Oi, dickhead?" George waved a hand in front of the youngest boy's face, Sapnap snapping out of it immediately.

"Yes, gogy?" He teased, pushing the lewd thoughts to the back of his mind as he locked eyes with the older boy.

"What the fuck is up with you? You keep zoning out. Are you sick?" Dream questioned, his eyes softening as he asked.

Well, *fuck* .

What was Sapnap supposed to say? *'Yeah, sorry guys! I've been kinda off recently because I can't stop imagining what George would feel like around me and what Dream would feel like inside of me!'* . That was a hard fucking *no*.

So what was he supposed to say?

"Nah, I'm good," he managed to spit out, inwardly cringing at how unconvincing that sounded. Apparently Dream and George picked up on it too because they immediately rolled their eyes.

"Shut up. What's wrong?"

He had two options.

One, he told them. He told them the truth and they either accepted it and railed the shit out of him or they felt really fucking weird about it and tried to ignore it. Or, two, he didn't tell them. He just said he had been feeling kinda sick recently and that was all. They would leave it at that and Dream's mom would probably hightail it over to make him some soup or some shit.

But he didn't want to lie.

He *wanted* to tell them what he'd been thinking about.

The way he thought that George would moan so pretty on his dick while Dream pulled his hair and left dark marks on his neck. Or how Dream could hold him down so easily and make him fucking sob.

Or maybe even the way he thought that Dream's piercing would feel as he fucked him harder than anyone else in his entire life while George watched with a hand wrapped around himself...

"Sap?"

He took a deep breath.

There was no coming back from this.

"I can't stop fucking thinking about it," he whispered as he locked eyes with George, a knowing look on the older boy's face before he turned to see Dream, looking puzzled.

"Thinking about what?"

The oldest boy chuckled before he looked over at the blonde, "I think Sapnap is talking about when he walked in on us the other day."

He nodded and a look of realisation fell onto his face before it immediately transformed into a smirk.

"Oh, Sap. Why didn't you say before? If you wanted us, all you had to do was ask," Dream chuckled, Sapnap's eyes widening as they flicked between the two, searching for any sign that this was a joke.

No fucking way. It was that easy?

"Yeah?" Sapnap managed to stutter out.

"C'mere," Dream muttered. It was soft but something behind it made Sapnap immediately obey, dropping to the floor and quickly crawling over to sit in front of them.

Dream unbuckled his belt before sitting back with his arms behind his head, "Well, what are you waiting for? Get on with it, bitch."

And Sapnap had never moved quicker.

His hands immediately unhooked the button on the blonde's jeans, tugging down the zipper and yanking them down past his knees, all the while feeling George's intense gaze on his back.

He pressed the tip of his finger softly against the head through the fabric of his underwear, seeing the protruding spot where the metal was pushed through, the more pressure he added the wetter the navy boxers became.

"What did I just say? You gonna throat me or am I gonna have to use you myself?"

The words went straight to Sapnap's own dick and he decided that he, too, had had enough of the teasing.

He tugged the blonde's boxers down, the head of his fully-hard cock getting caught on the waistband which pulled a loud moan from Dream.

"Come on, Sap, I'm waiting for my show," George laughed, Sapnap's eyes flicking over to him for just a moment before he looked away, immediately being pulled back to the older boy when his brain had processed what he saw.

George looked fucking gorgeous.

He was still in Dream's oversized black hoodie but now he wasn't wearing his basketball shorts or the boxers he was adorning only moments ago. He was completely nude from the waist down as he palmed himself through the fabric of his sweater paws, letting out soft whines.

"Fucking hell, George," Sapnap breathed out harshly, Dream moaning as it fanned against the head

of his cock.

This was the first time that Sapnap had actually properly looked at the piercing and, fuck, was he *looking* .

He suddenly understood why George had gone entirely fucking *limp* after Dream had fucked him because he'd definitely do the same. The metal was medium sized and the way it shone in the low light of their living room made Sapnap squirm.

He jumped when he felt Dream's hand come to rest on the top of his head, running his hands through the thick hair, "You look so good on your knees."

Sapnap was so desperate that being patient was no longer an option.

He surged forward and wrapped his lips about the head, letting his eyes roll back at the quiet click the piercing made against his teeth. He moved his hand to wrap around the base and pump slowly while he used his tongue to lap up over the head, wallowing in the salty taste that spread across his tongue.

George watched the pair with lustful eyes, pawing at his leaking cock through the thick sleeves of Dream's hoodie while he let out small mewls in pleasure. The sight of Sapnap with wide eyes, on his knees in front of his boyfriend, was so unbelievably hot.

Sapnap's face was flushed as he continued, eyes flicking up to the blonde every few seconds as he started taking him down even further, moaning around the taller boy when he felt his nose hit Dream's happy trail.

"Look at you," the blonde smirked, running a hand through Sapnap's hair, "take me so well. Like you were made for my cock."

Dream laughed as he felt another moan, the knots in his stomach tightening, "Hey Georgie, look at this."

George let Dream take his wrist and move it to Sapnap's throat, resting it there before he pulled out and pushed back into the youngest boy's mouth.

George gasped softly, "I can feel it," he whispered, pushing harder down onto the soft flesh as Sappnap let out a whimper. George looked up and locked eyes with Dream, "I can feel it moving..."

Dream laughed breathily as he felt the youngest boy pull up and tongue at his head, running his tongue through the slit as Dream bucked up roughly, making him gag.

George moved his hand faster as he watched Dream's stomach muscles tense, indicating he was slowly coming up on his orgasm.

And yeah, Dream was.

He could feel the sharp stabs of arousal in his gut every time he heard Sappnap or George let out quiet whimpers, watching as George moved his right, sweater-pawed hand up to cover his mouth as he pumped his cock roughly with his left. The muffled moans from George mixed almost perfectly with Sappnap's.

"God, you two are gonna kill me," Dream muttered to the pair as he tightened his grip in Sappnap's hair.

"Dream, can he fuck me?" George moaned as he watched the two, "Can you let him fuck me please?"

Sappnap moaned at the idea as Dream was teetering on the edge, "God, yeah of course."

"Wanna feel him inside me. Fill me up so good. Make me beg to cum and make me fucking cry."

Dream came at that, thrusting his hips up roughly as he coated the inside of Sappnap's throat and mouth with his cum.

Sappnap swallowed instantly and rolled back onto the balls of his feet before locking eyes with George as he stood up slowly, "Lie back for me, Georgie. I'll get some lube for you."

And George did as he was told, letting his back rest against the soft couch cushions while Sapnap walked to his room. The shorter boy whined softly as Dream ran his hand through his hair while he tried to catch his breath.

"You gonna be good for Sap?" He asked, moving his hand to rest on the brunette's cheek, "Gonna make him cum for us?"

George nodded before his eyes flicked towards the door as Sapnap entered. The youngest boy had pulled his shirt off at some point on the journey to and from his room and George was practically drooling at the sight. His chest was broad and strong, and don't even get *started* on his arms.

Sapnap was everything that Dream wasn't, and George loved it.

The blonde was all sharp edges and sculpted marble whereas the brunette was soft edges and love handles. He'd always thought Sapnap was pretty, but had never once let himself indulge in these fantasies like he did with Dream. He just couldn't.

He wasn't really sure why. Maybe he didn't want to seem greedy. But thinking about getting railed by two different men, both of which were his best friends... maybe George *wanted* to feel greedy.

And fuck, if being greedy meant he could get fucked by both Dream and Sapnap without consequence and whenever he wanted then maybe being greedy was all he was ever meant to be.

He watched as Sapnap crawled between his legs, spreading them gently and letting his hands slide down to rub at his inner thigh.

"God, Georgie, you don't even wanna know how many times I've thought about doing this to you," he whispered, smirking when he locked eyes with the oldest boy, "All spread out so prettily while you take my cock and *beg*. "

The pair were both suddenly brought back into the room when they heard a quiet moan from beside them, seeing Dream chewing on his lip with his thighs squeezed together.

"You like this," Sapnap questioned, continuing his slow trace on the pretty stretch marks littering George's thighs while he locked eyes with the blonde, "Fucking *cuck*. "

And that pulled a violent moan from Dream, surprising all three of them.

"Okay, Dream. Since you're so fucking desperate, if you don't cum while I'm fucking George, I'll ride you. Sound good?"

Dream nodded roughly and Sapnap moved his focus back to George. He lubed up his fingers before he pushed the smaller boy's hoodie up to his chest. He rubbed his middle finger over George's hole and pushed in, wallowing in the smaller boy's loud keen.

Sapnap let himself stretch George, adding two more fingers as Dream pumped his cock slowly to the sight, and *man* , was it a fucking sight.

George wasn't even coherent anymore, the constant squirming and repeated movement of his head from side to side showing just how gone he was already while Sapnap pressed kisses and sucked hickeys all over his thighs, adding a fourth finger while covering the fading bruises left there by Dream.

"You ready, baby?" Sapnap asked, laughing softly at the eager nod he got in return, pulling out his fingers and wiping them on his joggers before he pulled them off, his boxers coming with them and George fucking moaned.

Sapnap was *big* .

Not in length, per say, although he definitely wasn't lacking in that department, but in width.

He was so thick that George genuinely wasn't sure that four fingers would be enough, and if Dream's semi-thick cock had made his tiny stomach bulge, Sapnap would rearrange his fucking organs.

He felt the slick head press to his hole after watching the younger boy lube himself up before he let out a small whimper, "you're not gonna fucking fit, Sap. Too, *fuck*, too big."

Sapnap began pushing in slowly, watching George's jaw drop in a silent moan as tears pooled in his eyes, watching the chocolate coloured iris' disappear as they rolled back into his head.

"Holy fuck, Sap," Dream laughed breathily, "you're gonna fucking tear him apart."

"Not my fault he's so fucking tight. You clearly don't fuck him well enough."

The insult, strangely enough, went straight to Dream's dick, wallowing in the harsh tone.

"God, you're such a fucking cuck, Dream."

And yeah, Dream had to agree.

"Can't take anymore! *God*, so fucking *big*!" George cried, his hands scratching at the couch cushions.

The sun was shining in through the windows with a golden hue, the late-evening glow coating George's skin in an almost ethereal way. He watched as George gasped, the tears finally falling as his pelvis *finally* hit George's ass, fully in now.

George breathed a sigh of relief when Sapnap stopped, knowing full well that if he had started thrusting right then he probably would have died.

It took around 2 minutes for George to finally *finally* adjust to Sapnap's size, the younger boy pumping his cock all the while and whispering praises to him.

"*Move.*"

And Sapnap had never responded to a demand quicker.

He pulled out immediately, pushing back in roughly as he watched George's head fall back.

He pulled one of the smaller boy's legs up to rest on his shoulder as he watched Dream shuffle closer out of the corner of his eye.

"Look at him, Dream. Look at how good I fuck him. Already crying on my dick and it hasn't even been five minutes. He takes me so well," The blonde was getting off far too much on the degradation and it was only spurring Sapnap on further, "God, if you'd told me he makes such pretty noises I would have brought him a plane ticket and fucked him myself ages ago..."

George was moaning, his throat straining with the volume as he begged in quiet cut-off sounds, "*More!* So good, Sap, *fuck-* "

"Tell Dream how good I feel. Tell him how much better I am than him, making you cry on my cock like a good boy," Sapnap's words were breathy and were followed by a harsh moan, his eyes meeting Dream's as the blonde bit into his lip harshly, tasting the blood that was left there afterwards.

"So good. So full. Sap fucks me so good, Dream."

The blonde thrust up into his hand harshly, struggling to hold back his orgasm. George felt Sapnap pull on his wrist and the overwhelming sense of *deja vu* hit him as his mind flicked back to when this happened with Dream.

He let the younger boy place his palm over his lower stomach, only this time it was so much *more* . The bulge there was *big* . Bigger than it had been with Dream and bigger than it probably ever would be again. He let his eyes flick down and he could fucking *see it*.

He watched the flat surface of his stomach drop when he pulled out and saw it swell again when he pushed back in.

He was drooling at the sight and so was Dream.

"Dream, Sap so good. Big, *Fuck* ."

His words weren't even proper sentences at that point, just words strung together and chopped apart by breathy moans and obscene noises.

"Cum- *cumming!* "

And George did just that.

He felt the rope in his stomach pull tight before it snapped, his dark, almost purple, head spotted thick ropes up onto his stomach as he somehow managed to tighten around Sapnap, practically milking an orgasm from him with rough want. Sapnap fucked the both of them through it harshly until George went limp, pulling out slowly and letting his eyes flick over to Dream when the blonde let out a pleasing whimper.

"I wanna cum. Please, Sap."

"Well," Sapnap smirked as he made his way over to Dream, flicking at one end of the barbell on his dick to illicit another desperate sound, "You've sure changed your tune. What happened to calling me a bitch and making deepthroat your dick like a 'good boy'?"

Dream bowed his head, the sign of submission making Sapnap's dick twitch in interest.

"I asked you a fucking question, Dream."

The blonde brought his head up to lock eyes with Sapnap, "I don't know. Wanna be good."

Sapnap sneered, roughly grabbing Dream's jaw, "Yeah? Wanna be good for me?"

The blonde struggled to nod with the rough grip to his face, but when Sapnap let go he pushed him backwards so he was led down on the couch, similar to the position that George was still currently in, looking over at the pair while he still struggled to catch his breath.

Sapnap shuffled back to pick up the bottle of lube, kneeling on the very corner of the couch as he began stretching himself, one finger, then two and finally a third, pulling out slowly before he moved to hover over Dream, making sure he could see George from where he was too.

"You ready?"

"Yes."

Sapnap laughed, grabbing Dream's dick and positioned it so the head was rested against his hole, "You can do better than that, baby."

"Sap, Please. I need it so fucking bad," the blonde begged, tears in his eyes as his head dropped back and his thighs started shaking, "Need *you*. "

And yeah, that was pretty fucking good.

Sapnap dropped down harshly, punching a moan from himself as the blonde let out a noise that sounded strained.

And yeah, he got why George went fucking crazy over the piercing.

He felt the metal push past his rim and drag heavily across his walls, the stretch of it making his gut curl in a way that was far too pleasurable to be normal.

"Fucking hell, Sap. Fuck, tight."

Sapnap forced out a laugh as he pulled himself up before dropping back down, setting a comfortable, yet almost punishing, pace, "Yeah? Feel good? I don't know if you even deserve this. Fucking *useless*. Did you see how good I fucked George? See how good I made him feel?" Sapnap watched as he spoke down to dream, both physically and metaphorically, "You're nothing but a pretty dick to sit on."

Dream had no idea that being absolutely emotionally and sexually degraded was something that would turn him on so much, and yet here he was, cock throbbing inside of Sapnap as the other called him names and slammed himself down tightly around him.

"Called me a bitch and everything. Couldn't even keep up the fake dominant persona for an hour? God, you're so fucking pathetic."

Dream's moans were getting louder by the minute, the scratchy noise indicating that his throat was

clearly protesting the volume, but the blonde didn't care. Sapnap was verbally tearing him apart and he fucking adored it.

Sapnap could feel the harsh pain in the back of his thighs every time he dropped down onto Dream's dick, wallowing in loud slapping noise they made against his hip bones. There would definitely be bruises there tomorrow and he couldn't bring himself to care either.

The youngest boy dared a look over at George smiling softly when he saw that the brunette had put his hood up and cuddled down into the opposite corner of the sofa, knees pulled up to his chest as he watched the pair with wide eyes.

"Gonna cum, Dream? I can feel your hips twitching like the little bitch you are."

Dream whined loudly with a nod. The slowly bubbling arousal was almost seconds away from boiling over, when the tightness of Sapnap mixed with the fast, never wavering pace was making him far too close for comfort, the coils in his stomach being pulled taught.

"Can I cum, Sap? Please? Wanna cum," the blonde moaned, his fingers digging so hard into the couch that he could feel his nails cutting through the soft fabric, "Need it. It *hurts*."

Sap slammed himself down harder, feeling the metal hit his prostate as he felt himself fall over the edge, "Yes, cum for me. Good boy."

As soon as he felt Dream cum, filling him up inside, Sapnap came so hard he saw stars, thick ropes of white landing on both of their stomachs.

"Fuck," Dream breathed, twisting his neck to see George who was laughing softly to himself.

"God, Dream, you look so pretty when you're degraded," the oldest boy chuckled, the noise only getting louder when a blush rose on the blonde's cheeks.

Sapnap climbed off dream and picked up his boxers, cleaning off himself and dream before moving to George who, by now, was covered and full of dried cum.

“Is this like... a thing now?” The smaller boy asked quietly, throat sore from the loud moans that tore through him earlier, “like all of us?”

“I hope so,” Sapnap replied with a smile, “but like... not just sex.”

Dream laughed quietly, “No Sap, not just sex.”

The youngest boy smiled as he moved slowly to pick up George, letting the older boy wrap his legs around his waist and cuddle his head into the crease of his neck.

“You coming up? I’m gonna give George a bath and then we’ll come get into your bed.”

Dream nodded before he pushed himself up onto wobbly legs and dragged along behind the Sapnap.

“Hurry up you fucking cuck. We were the ones who got fucked. Stop acting like a bitch.”

Dream thought about protesting but he was way too tired to be bothered, dropping down onto the bed as Sapnap placed George down onto the end softly.

“Come on, baby. Arms up,” he whispered as he coaxed the large hoodie from his torso, “think we might just go with a shower, yeah? I’ll help you and then we can go to bed.”

George nodded sleepily as he rubbed his eyes and let Sapnap pick him up again.

“Dream, can you get a big t-shirt for George?”

The blonde nodded and moved to get it once the pair disappeared off into the bathroom.

He laid back down and let himself think properly for the first time since Sapnap had sat down with them.

This was good, he thought as he listened to the quiet whispered praises, muffled by the shower spray and the closed door.

Yeah...

Good.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! Thank you for reading!!

Also, I'm nblm, please stop telling me I'm fetishising mlm or nblm. I am afab and look relatively feminine but that doesn't give you the right to completely disregard my gender/pronouns. I don't owe you androgyny and you can suck my fucking dick.

Finally, if you leave kudos or comment I will kiss you on the goddamn forehead.

End Notes

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